

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 225.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1836.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

AFTERTHOUGHTS.

WORDSWORTH represents himself, in one of his poems referring to childhood and early youth, as enjoying a walk, with a lovely boy of five years old by his side, to whom, as they strolled along, he often talked "in very idleness."

The young lambs ran a pretty race;
The morning sun shone bright and warm;
"Kilve," said I, "was a pleasant place,
And so is Liswyn farm.
My little boy, which like you more,"
I said, and took him by the arm—
"Our home by Kilve's delightful shore,
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

The boy carelessly replying, gives the preference to the distant Kilve; but on being asked for a reason, answers, "I cannot tell." The poet presses him to assign some grounds for the preference; but the little fellow only hangs his head abashed, till, on the query being put to him for the fifth time,

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye—he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded Vane.
Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And thus to me he made reply:
"At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that's the reason why."

Well and truly does the poet say in conclusion—

O dearest, dearest boy, my heart
For better lore would never yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

The "reason" assigned by the little boy was an afterthought—one made upon the spur of the moment, for the idle purpose of justifying a chance and idle expression. A boyish afterthought, formed for the justification of something worse, once fell under our observation. Sitting one day in an arbour during the fruit season, we happened to raise our eye for a moment from the book in our hand, and beheld a little rogue in the very act of purloining a juicy pear from the only tree which yielded any fruit that year. Having plucked and deposited in his pocket the forbidden treasure, he turned round, and, advancing from the spot, discovered what eyes had been, in all probability, observant of his deed. Put for a moment to a nonplus, he stood stock-still; but, though only five years old, his plan was very soon formed. He came forward, and exclaimed, with a face as red as a peony, "Papa, mamma is very fond of pears." His fore-finger was on his under-lip, and his eyes intently fixed on our countenance. Though we gave his inventive powers due credit for the ingenious way in which he left us to infer his motive for plucking the fruit, it would have been very injudicious and dangerous to have permitted him to believe that he had succeeded in deceiving us; therefore, before dismissing the matter, we extracted a confession—a thing, indeed, easily accomplished—that his mamma's partiality for pears was altogether an afterthought, his own proper satisfaction being the sole object of the felony.

The most of our readers will recollect the story of the English sailor, who, having fallen from the mast-head without being hurt, immediately rose and cried out, "Show me any of your rascally Frenchmen who will do a feat like that." We only laugh at the sailor, for his afterthought was but a jest. But how often, in the serious world, do we hear afterthought reasons and afterthought excuses, which we can only trace to the spirit of the pear-purloiner!

When some most unexpected failure takes place—

when a grand "crash" is made by some commercial house, which all mankind regarded as in the height of prosperity, and secure as the bank of England—while the sufferers are wringing their hands, and the world for a time does nothing but exclaim, "Who could have believed it!" then, even then, in the midst of the universal consternation and surprise, some small shrill voice is heard to cry, "Well, there was always something about that firm I did not like—something that appeared not quite right." The owner of that small shrill voice, twelve hours before the announcement of the crash, would have trusted the firm to the amount of half his substance. His observation was entirely an afterthought; he was as blind as other people. It may be laid down almost as a general rule, that all those people who are in the habit of using the words "I always thought so" when any thing occurs that excites general surprise, are persons liable a little to misdate their cogitations, making afterthoughts pass for ideas of an earlier date.

Another mercantile man has ventured his whole fortune upon a speculation which, from the change of markets, appears likely to turn out ill, and to reduce him to poverty. Many of his wise neighbours, who at the time believed the line of traffic a safe one, then begin to think that he might have been more cautious, and pretend to great sagacity in having, for their own part, avoided the rock upon which their neighbour is likely to split. The speculator himself, who, in acting as he did, was guided in a great measure by blind chance, begins himself to have misgivings, though he still keeps up as cheerful a look as possible. Suddenly, while he is sighing over his glutted warehouses and empty coffers, war is proclaimed between two foreign powers, neither of which will now take goods from the other. A capital market is thus opened for our speculator's stock. He instantly ships it off, and in a short time doubles the capital which he expected entirely to lose. His friends, who had begun to think of becoming cool to their ruined friend, now congratulate him on the occasion, and once more he receives from them all the respect due to a man of established wealth. And what is the bearing of the fortunate man himself? Most unbearable. Though known to every one as a man of no political sagacity, and, indeed, formerly in the habit of avowing this himself, on being congratulated on his good luck, "Good luck!" says he, "very good truly!" Then with a sapient and mysterious look, he mutters something about "foreign correspondence," "high quarters," "earliest information," and more of the same kind, the meaning of which is plainly to insinuate his foreknowledge of the foreign commotion. But is there any truth in this? None whatever. He is really the rash and improvident speculator he seemed; he was, for all that he could do for himself, on the brink of ruin, and his pretended foresight is simply—an afterthought. Nevertheless, our ears are doomed to hear this man held up for the remainder of his life as one who made his fortune by a grand stroke of political sagacity.

The practice of setting up afterthoughts in the light of prophecies, becomes with some men a confirmed and most annoying habit. Such persons are genuine Job's comforters. If you have suffered a little loss by placing confidence in a person who has abused it, up comes one of these consolers, and triumphantly calls upon you to recollect that long ago he had said there was "something remarkable about that man," founding upon this a claim to your thanks as having given you warning, if you had but had the sense to act upon it. Now, had the person who had something

remarkable about him, instead of turning out a rogue, done you services of the highest consequence, the consoler would have called the same words to your memory, to prove that he had early seen in the individual in question the promise of most excellent qualities. The whole is an afterthought.

Often in society it may be observed that a person utters a sentence with the utmost gravity of face and manner, but no sooner is the last word enunciated, than the gravity disappears, a brightness comes over his countenance, and a studiously ill-suppressed laugh succeeds. A nudge on your elbow follows, and the question "Is't it very good?" is put to you by the laugher. The sentence is now repeated, if laughing will permit, that you, and as many more of the company as possible, may hear it again, and you now find that the sentence contains a pun, or something of the kind. The only thing that puzzles you is, how the wag maintained such a grave face during the first utterance of it, seeing that he is almost choked with mirth in its repetition. The truth is, the pun, or other witticism, was accidental, and the perception of it an afterthought. Unintentional wagery of this kind often remains unperceived by the happy individual, till some one finds it out for him. It is only then necessary for him to put a good knowing face on the matter, and he will assuredly be set down as a very smart fellow. We often see the same result from good actions. Some one does another a small piece of kindness; it may be so small a matter as the mere communication of a piece of trivial intelligence. By chance, the act is productive of some good to the object of it. He consequently thrives, and even makes rich. Then comes the time for the author of his good fortune to assert his claim to the merit of it. He it was, and he alone, according to his own account, who reared the fortune. He—who would have done the act, or communicated the piece of intelligence, to any person whatever, without supposing himself to be acting at all generously! The sense and prudence which have operated throughout in the rearing of the structure, are as nothing. The player on the organ might as well pretend to the merit of the performance, while we all know it to have been solely due to the blower.

Afterthoughts penetrate into the very centre of domestic life. "Betty, why did you not turn off the gas in the library last night, before going down stairs?" "I—I thought, sir, that you might be going into it again." Betty never knew till this moment that the gas had been left burning all night: the omission had been simple negligence; but she conceives that the confession of it would injure her character as a servant more than the explanation she gave; never taking into account that the first would be the truth, whereas the other is but an afterthought.

After all, what is an afterthought? Is it not too often a direct departure from the truth—an assumption of merit with the consciousness that none is due—a pretence to wisdom and foresight not possessed—a subterfuge to escape from deserved censure—in many instances a covert falsehood, differing from an open one only in its being undiscoverable except by the confession of the party concerned? Perhaps this may appear too severe a view of the matter; and it is true that an afterthought is often comparatively harmless; but it never is, and never can be, truly honourable to the conceiver, being in all cases a paltering with the truth. Wordsworth entitles his little anecdote of the weathercock, "a tale to show fathers how the practice of lying may be taught," and the observant poet is right in his views of it. Children, being fre-

quently liable to censure for their faults, are tempted as often to invent excuses after the commission of them. These, if permitted to pass unchecked, would lead without doubt to habits of confirmed, and probably incurable, lying.

THE BARBER,

A FOURTH TALE OF THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

IN the course of my perambulations through the streets of Paris, I made a practice of visiting the interiors of the churches, when chance led me past any of these edifices, and when I saw the doors were open, which they generally are, for the accommodation of individual worshippers, as well as for the admission of strangers. The Parisian churches are more splendid than solemn; they take their character from the tastes of the people. In some instances, nothing can exceed their magnificence of decoration—gilding, painting, and carving, being mingled in gaudy and rich profusion. There was one church which I entered several times, in order to pass an idle half hour in examining its paintings and the exceeding beauty of its devices in marble and bronze. It was the church of St Roch, situated in the Rue St Honoré, and which being reckoned the *genteelest* place of public worship in the French capital, is accordingly resorted to by those persons who consider gentility a matter of importance in devotional exercises.

In front of this extensive fabric, towards the street St Honoré, there is a wide and elevated flight of steps, which also were not without a certain share of interest. These steps, I remembered, were more than once mentioned in the histories of Parisian insurrections. They often formed the favourite stand of crowds of women and others, who, with a depraved curiosity, were desirous of beholding the unhappy victims of revolutionary vengeance led past to the guillotine, in the Place Louis Quinze. Here, said I, did a multitude of wretches assemble to see the unfortunate Marie Antoinette conducted to the scaffold. Here did they insist on the vehicle which conveyed her to execution being stopped, that they might the better view their bound and tortured victim, and load her with execrations.

The recollection of circumstances such as these induced me one day, at the table d'hôte, to speak of the church of St Roch and its historical associations. Few of the gentlemen present, however, seemed to know or care any thing about the traditional matters I alluded to. None could say any thing on the subject, except a respectable old personage, the father of the lady who owned the hotel, whom I had seen more than once at the table, and who, from speaking English remarkably well, I was rather fond of conversing with. "You were speaking of the church of St Roch," said he, addressing me in his usual polite manner, "and of its connection with historical incidents. If you will permit me, I will tell you a little story—but one very terrible—with which the church of St Roch is in a small degree connected." "Oh, I shall be glad to listen, you may depend on it," answered I, happy to get hold of another tale for my budget; "so, go on, if you please, Monsieur Dalmaire." Monsieur bowed, and proceeded:—

"Joseph Orcher was the son of an honest and industrious widow, who resided in the Fauxbourg St Antoine, at the outskirts of Paris. His mother, after the death of her husband, who was an invalid soldier, found herself in great distress; the pension of the brave old warrior being nearly all she possessed in the wide world to provide for her son and herself. Joseph was then about seventeen, and awaited impatiently the eighteenth year of his age, in order to enter the army as a soldier. Present exigencies were, however, great, and he was compelled to think of some plan of more immediate subsistence. After many difficulties, many inquiries, and many repulses from those they had till then looked upon as friends, it happened that one of their neighbours, a barber, finding too much occupation for himself alone, wished to take an assistant. The proposition was accordingly made by him to Joseph, who accepted it with gratitude. The business of the barber, which lay among the wealthy and noble classes, increased every day, and Joseph, after a short apprenticeship, began to receive a share of the profits of the concern.

Till this period, his mother had thought her son very nearly faultless, but now she observed with increasing pain, that, since he had begun to be well rewarded for his labours, the love of money—I mean a disordered love for money—had stolen into his heart.

At the end of every week, on returning to his humble home, he counted over and over again the sum he had received, and his eye sparkled with a fire that produced dismal thoughts in his good old mother's heart. Often did she pray that this increasing passion for gold should not prove fatal to her beloved child.

But neither prayer nor advice had any effect upon the soul of the young miser, who appeared to have forgotten that there existed any thing else in the world but gold and silver. Two years after the time we mention, the unfortunate widow died of sorrow and long-concealed grief, too proud to complain to her own son of the misery to which his niggardliness had reduced her who had nursed him so tenderly in his infancy. But so hard had Joseph's heart become under the covetous disposition which preyed upon it, that he scarcely felt a loss that would have brought despair into it a few years before; perhaps he even rejoiced (some people believed it) to be delivered of a burden which had become tiresome.

In a few months after his mother's death, young Orcher's passion for money, now left without control, had grown frightfully upon him. One morning he left his house to call as usual upon one of his customers, the Marquis de Courzi. As he arrived, one of the nobleman's farmers was leaving the room; he had just brought the payment of a year's rent, and a thousand louis d'ors were still upon the table. The marquis ordered his servant to go instantly and desire the tradesmen he employed to send in their bills, and the servant accordingly went out.

Now, Joseph was left alone with the nobleman, a man far older and weaker than himself. The sight of the gold made his heart beat harder and harder every time he passed before the table. As he continued to shave the marquis, the temptation grew stronger and stronger, and when his hand arrived under the neck, it trembled so dreadfully that the razor made a slight incision in the gentleman's chin. Startled by the pain, the old man could not help showing some impatience, and reproached the barber with his awkwardness; but remarking the excessive paleness of the young man, he added, 'If you be not well to-day, you should not have called; I would rather have not been shaved at all, than been treated in this awkward manner; and it would have been far better for you to remain at home, than to come out to make this stupid mistake.'

Orcher made no answer, but muttered a few unintelligible words about the razor, took his strap, and sharpened it very busily for a moment. If this accident had not happened, or if the marquis had not spoken so impatiently, every thing would perhaps have gone on smoothly; for Joseph's ghastly paleness was produced by nothing else than the violent conflict that took place at that very moment in his soul, between his old wonted principles of honesty which he had received from his parents, and this devouring passion for gold, which had become nearly irresistible by the presence of its object.

These few half-angry words, pronounced at such a critical moment, determined the event of a struggle yet equally balanced, by giving to his desires the powerful auxiliary of affronted vanity. The young barber approached his intended victim—who, as may be supposed, was perfectly unconscious of the fate that awaited him—as if for the purpose of continuing his operation, and, with a single cut, opened his throat from one ear to the other. The unfortunate old man dropped instantly on the floor, and expired without a groan. His murderer forthwith filled his pockets with the price of his horrible crime, and hastily left the apartment, carefully locking the door behind him, and taking away the key. He changed his dress, put on a wig, and arrived in that disguise, in the quickest way possible, at Calais. A vessel was to sail that very evening for Martinique; he paid his passage, and, under the assumed name of Lestange, left his native country.

As long as his eye could perceive the land of France, fear, agitation, and anxiety, forbade him any rest, and he kept pacing the deck with quick and agitated steps. In a few hours, his country—that country he had once loved, for which he had once wished to spill his blood, but which he now hated, because he had polluted it by the murder of a defenceless victim, and looked upon it as a witness of his infamy—began to mix with the clouds of the horizon, and soon after disappeared entirely. He was safe then, and, for the first time since his crime, he wished for sleep. He therefore went down to the cabin, and threw himself on his bed, where we shall leave him for a moment, and return to the house of the unfortunate Marquis de Courzi.

About two hours after the barber's departure, the servant came back from his message; but finding his master's door locked, he concluded that he was not wanted, and went to his own room. But, a short time before dinner, astonished not to have been called, he went down again, and finding the door still locked, he gave a loud rap: no answer! He knocked again: the same silence! A vague anxiety began to come over his mind, and, after some hesitation, he ran to the next police-office, and returned accompanied by an agent and a smith. The door was forced open, and a horrid sight struck their eyes. The body of the marquis lay flat upon the floor in a pond of coagulated blood; the ice of death had long since stiffened his limbs. The razor, stained with blood, was upon the table where the gold had been left, and attested together the au-

thor, the instrument, and object of the crime. Every means were taken to discover where the murderer could be concealed, but all endeavours were in vain. The police were completely baffled.

Let us now return to the bedside of the young murderer. The sentiment of his safety had wrought a momentary calm in his mind; he had therefore imagined that a sound sleep would soon shut his eyes, and carry off the necessity of thinking; for thinking produced remembrance, and remembrance was to him so odious, that he had exhausted till then all the powers of his soul to throw it off. Useless struggle! Joseph was inexperienced in the criminal and bloody path he had so boldly entered, or he would have known already that, in spite of itself, and apart from all the terrors of justice, a guilty soul carries within itself a tormentor far more formidable than the executioner. He moved convulsively on his bed, turned from one side to the other, in the most cruel agitation; for, as soon as he settled for a moment's sleep, the searching voice of remorse resounded in his conscience, empty of all good, and occupied only by two frightful guests—THEFT and MURDER! He thought then of his poor old mother; and, oh! how bitterly did he repent having neglected the many tender and kind advices she had wasted upon him; how much did he regret the hard way in which he had used that devoted mother, when, blinded by his avaricious disposition, he often grudged her the little food that kept up her miserable life!

No! he could hardly believe the thing to have really passed; he was as a man awaking from a dream: in truth, for the last three years he had not lived; wrapt up in the object of all his desires, he saw and thought of nothing else but the idol of his worship—money. The remembrance of his excellent mother, and the reflection which followed that remembrance, brought despair to his heart, and he could not help bursting into tears.

He cried long and bitterly, till exhaustion brought on a momentary sleep; but, alas! what a sleep! Horrible visions and frightful dreams oppressed his imagination, and filled it with lamentable and hideous scenes. He once thought himself at the moment of executing the cruel deed; he saw the eyes of his unfortunate victim turn their last look towards him. Horrid look!—how eloquent it was then! But he saw, too, in the same room, his father and his mother. His venerable father was on his deathbed, and the blood had spouted so violently that it covered his white hair. He saw him raise his thin and trembling hand to curse him for ever, but his good mother pressed the hand in hers, and interceded for her son. He flew to her feet, in order to embrace her knees, but she drew back with horror at the sight of his bloody hands; he bent his head to the dust, and implored mercy and forgiveness, vowed he would repent and change, and he anxiously listened to hear the word Pardon, but it was spoken not by his mother's lips. He was going to rise, when he awoke, and found himself in that very position, while his bed was bathed with tears. Awakening in the full consciousness of his condition, he resolved to live, to repent, and contrive to repair the dreadful crime which he had committed.

The vessel had a prosperous voyage, and he arrived safely at Martinique, where he entered into commercial speculations, and succeeded above his hopes. By his diligence and apparent integrity, he won for himself friends, and every thing went on so well with him, that in less than ten years he was a man of considerable fortune. Thus enriched, he wooed and married a wealthy heiress of the country, and was looked upon as one of the most respectable and the most influential members of the colony. But amidst so much prosperity, the blessing of true happiness had never yet cheered his heart. In secret, he felt a load of misery that extinguished every attempt to be happy. Nineteen years after his marriage, finding himself without a family, and possessor of immense riches, he began to wish ardently to see his own country again. He had no doubt that all trace of his crime was destroyed there; besides, he was changed—his situation also was much altered; who could think of Joseph Orcher, seeing the splendid equipage, the beautiful livery, and the elegant lady of the rich nabob, Monsieur Lestange?

He arrived, therefore, in Paris, twenty-nine years and four months after he had left it, and on the following Sunday went to the church of St Roch, which was then, as now, the most fashionable place of public worship in Paris. The Swiss, or beadle in attendance, preceded him, with his long silver-tipped staff, to one of the best seats in the place. Now, mark the singular result of this comparatively chance selection of a seat, and of the fuss which attended its adoption. An old soldier of the Maréchaussée (or town police), then an invalid, who was praying quietly behind a pillar, disturbed by the noise, raised his grey head, and seeing the face of the stranger, was struck by the idea that it was not unknown to him. He looked again as he went out, and his suspicion was confirmed. When he arrived at home, he examined some old papers he had kept since the time he served in the police, and found the description that had been given at the time of the murder.

The next Sunday at the same hour, he went to St Roch, and took his paper with him. Lestange soon arrived, and, as formerly, was ushered to his seat in becoming style. The invalid kept his eye upon him, and compared notes; it was clearly and decidedly the man. He rose instantly, went to the general

police-office, and came back with a troop at his back. At the moment the great man was stepping into his splendid carriage, he was arrested by the lieutenant. He turned deadly pale; hesitated in his answers; was taken to jail; and, six weeks after, expired on the scaffold. Previous to being strapped on the guillotine, he confessed that he had experienced more happiness since his trial and condemnation than he had enjoyed for the last twenty-nine years of prosperity and external gaiety. Such has often been the declaration of persons condemned for long-concealed murder, or other crimes producing remorseful reflections.

Had he waited eight months longer, thirty years would have elapsed, and prescription would have made him perfectly safe. Who—said the old gentleman, as he concluded his narrative—who could help admiring the power of a just Providence, from whose hand neither time nor distance can save the victim he has destined as an example to the world?"

THE SOOLIOTES.

ABOUT a century before the commencement of the war of independence in Greece, the cruel tyranny of the Turkish governors, or pachas, drove some shepherds from their homes in the centre of Albania, to seek a place of greater quiet and security for themselves and their families. They fixed on a spot by the sea-coast, opposite to the bay and island of Corfu, where they founded a village, and gave it the name of Sooli. Being Christians of the Greek church themselves, and the residence which they had chosen being strong in its natural defences, the original settlers were speedily joined by other Christian victims of tyranny, both Greeks and Albanians. When the whole country began to struggle, at the beginning of the present century, against the despotism which had so long oppressed it, the inhabitants of Sooli formed a small independent republic, divided into villages, containing in the aggregate about five thousand souls. A mountain, surrounded almost entirely by steep and frowning precipices, was the position chosen by the founders of the state for their settlement, and on it the village of Sooli and three others were planted. The only access was by a winding defile, extremely difficult of passage, and nearly four miles in length. Seven villages, situated in a fertile plain at the foot of the mountain, were called the Heptakhorion; as the villages on the mountain, from being four in number, were named the Tetrakhorion. The inhabitants of these were the descendants of the early settlers, and bore the name of Sooliotes. A territory, about twenty-eight miles long and eight in breadth, belonged to the republic, and contained a considerable number of villages, the inhabitants of which were called Para-Sooliotes. The dwellers on the mountain, and its immediate precincts, were the governing parties, and had the sole power of making peace or war, and of raising assessments. The Para-Sooliotes, about seven thousand in number, paid taxes, and in return received the protection, though they wanted the privileges, of the state. The Sooliotes were divided into a number of tribes, the heads of which formed a supreme council. All disputes were settled by the heads of the tribes in which they occurred.

A settlement so small in extent as this, numbering at the most only fifteen hundred fighting men, could scarcely, it may be supposed, have exerted much influence, or taken any conspicuous share in the wars with the Turks, where forty thousand soldiers were sometimes in the field. But their bravery and patriotism, with the activity and gallantry of their chiefs, supplied the want of numbers, and have earned for the Sooliotes a memorable place in the annals of Greece. All attempts made by their enemies to reduce and root them out, were baffled by the strong defences with which nature and art had surrounded their habitations. Besides, when their beloved homes were in danger, the women of Sooli frequently took up arms, and fought and bled by the sides of their fathers and husbands.

The wars of the Sooliotes had been mere predatory excursions or quarrels with neighbouring bey's, until they attracted the notice and fell under the displeasure of the celebrated Ali Pacha. This able but unprincipled and merciless man had risen from the low rank of bey in a petty village, to the government of the finest part of Albania. He had at this time, by bribing the members of the sultan's divan, fairly got himself seated as pacha of Jannina, having waded unrelentingly to the elevation, through the blood of kindred, of friends, and of foes. But this was not the limit of his ambition; his thoughts were fixed on what he ultimately all but attained, the sovereignty of all Albania, or, as it may be called, Upper Greece. Willy as the spider, he sat day by day in his almost impregnable castle in Jannina, weaving his snares for the neighbours whom he feared, or whose possessions he coveted. Amongst these, the Sooliotes stood prominent; they were warlike and independent; and as they were at no great distance from him, they might at any provocation swoop down upon him, like eagles from their mountain eyrie. Ali was, moreover, conscious that their destruction would win him high favour at the Porte, because in all the agitations for the liberation of Greece, the Sooliotes were likely to bear a prominent part. Their reduction, therefore, was a matter both

of policy and interest, and Ali resolved to effect it by force or by fraud.

A body of three thousand men was sent from Jannina for this purpose. On approaching, however, the defile leading to Sooli, it was found so strongly guarded, that the troops, instead of attempting a passage, contented themselves with ravaging the country around, butchering the Christian peasantry, and loading themselves with plunder. As they were returning home in this state, encumbered with booty and prisoners, a strong body of picked men of the Sooliotes fell upon them, and routed them with great slaughter, recovering the captives and the spoil, and pursuing the fugitives to the very gates of Jannina, where they burnt the mosques and country houses. Ali was at the moment absent with the Turkish army on the Danube, and the Sooliotes for the time enjoyed their triumph without molestation. On his return, the pacha, convinced, by the lesson they had given him, that the mountain eyrie and its inhabitants were not to be so easily annihilated, proceeded, in his usual way, to gain over their allies to his side, by bribery or by threats. In this he was to a considerable extent successful, but wishing to avoid such a discomfiture as the last, before taking the field openly he had recourse to one of his usual stratagems. He feigned to have received some ground of offence from the people of a town called Argyrocastro, and invited the Sooliotes, in the most flattering terms, to join him in his expedition against what he represented to be their common enemy, and offered them double pay for the time of their service. The Sooliotes fortunately knew the serpent-like character of the man they had to deal with, and, after a solemn consultation, sent him seventy men under Lambros Tsavellas, one of the ablest of their chiefs, assuring the pacha by letter, that these were quite sufficient to give him victory. Ali received the auxiliaries at Jannina with every mark of respect, and set out with them soon after at the head of ten thousand chosen Albanians. When within twenty miles of Sooli, where the road to Argyrocastro struck off, the troops laid down their arms for a moment's relaxation, and among the rest the Sooliotes. The pacha was in wait for this, and surrounded them instantly with his own men, seizing and binding them as prisoners. This done, he immediately wheeled into the road for Sooli, hoping to take the place by surprise. One of the captives, however, had escaped by swimming a river amid a shower of balls, and when Ali reached the defiles, every pass was strongly guarded. Unwilling to hazard an attack in this state of matters, he summoned Tsavellas before him, and commanded the chief, under the most frightful penalties, to put him in possession of Sooli. Tsavellas answered, that in his present condition it was impossible; but that, if he were allowed to visit his friends, he might effect the object desired by the pacha. "I will have an hostage for your faith; send to Sooli for your son," said Ali. Tsavellas did so, and his son Photos, a fine young man, came in obedience to the message. The father was then freed, and entered the path to his home. Ali waited with impatience for the order which was to admit him to the object of his wishes, but was doomed never to receive it. The following letter from Tsavellas, worthy of the best days of Sparta, was sent to him:—"Ali Pacha Zebelin, I exult in having deceived a knave; I am ready to defend my country against a robber like thee. My son may die, but I shall avenge him before the grave receives me. Some Turks, like thee, will say I am a father without pity, who have sacrificed my son for my personal freedom. But, tell me, wouldst thou not, if thou hadst become master of our mountains, have slaughtered my son and all the population? Who would avenge him then? Now that I am free, we may be conquerors. If my son murmured at being sacrificed for his country, he would be unworthy of living and of bearing my name. Come on, then, thou infidel! I burn for vengeance! I, thy sworn enemy, Tsavellas."

On receipt of this epistle, Ali was filled with rage, and, though he spared the hostages, from prudential motives, for the time, he resolved on an immediate attack. The defile leading to Sooli had three large towers, placed at commanding points, the first of which was forced by the pacha's troops. The Sooliotes, during the pause which ensued, held a consultation, and arranged their forces, in all thirteen hundred, in the following manner—Lambros Tsavellas posted himself in ambush near the second tower of the defile with a strong party, while another brave leader, George Botzaris, took up a concealed position near the third tower, which was close upon the village itself. The Albanians, encouraged by their success, continued the ascent of the defile, and passed the second tower unmolested. They had now Sooli before them, the women of which, ignorant of the plans of the chiefs, armed themselves, and, headed by the wife of Tsavellas, rushed on the approaching foe. George Botzaris with his band speedily made his appearance, and drove the Albanians back to the second tower, where Tsavellas issued from his ambush, and fell upon them in flank and rear, while rocks and stones were hurled on them by the women from the sides of the precipices. Scarcely a man of the enemy who had passed the second tower escaped, and the Sooliotes pursued their victory into the plain. Three thousand Albanians, it is said, perished in this battle, while only seventy-four of their adversaries were cut off. This great difference was chiefly owing to the mode of fighting practised by the Sooliotes, each of whom,

armed with musket and sword, posted himself where he could act with most advantage; and on this occasion, the ground was peculiarly adapted for this system of warfare. The pacha beheld the rout of his forces from a distance, and was among the first who fled. Such was his alarm, that, in the space of fifty miles, he killed two horses. On reaching Jannina, he shut himself up in his palace, and spoke to no one for a fortnight. During that period of solitary meditation, he saw the necessity of a peace for the time, and sent a bishop for that end to the Sooliotes, who consented to a cessation of hostilities on certain conditions, one of which was the liberation of young Tsavellas and the other hostages.

Peace was concluded, and Ali, as was his custom, took advantage of it to prepare anew for war and vengeance. He persuaded all the Mahometan governors around him, that the existence of a Christian community near their territories was an offence to the prophet, and dangerous to themselves. So successful were his insinuations, that, in the spring subsequent to his disaster, he took the field at the head of twelve thousand men. Not only this energetic attempt, however, but a subsequent effort at blockade, proved altogether abortive, and Sooli was left once more unmolested.

Again, the pacha of Jannina, with a large army, sat down before the devoted place. Photos Tsavellas was at this time the bravest of their leaders, and accordingly was cordially hated and feared by Ali, who proposed that, if Photos were dismissed, the siege should be raised. The mountaineers were in great distress and want, and the chiefs besought Photos to sacrifice himself for his country. The brave chief told them of the duplicity of the pacha, but yielded to what appeared best to his brethren, and retired to a village out of his native territory. He was no sooner here than Ali sent for him to Jannina, and proposed to him to revenge himself on his ungrateful countrymen, by lending his aid to subdue them. Photos saw the necessity of artifice, and agreed to go to Sooli on the pacha's service, pledging his word to return and give an account of his success. The chief revealed their enemy's machinations to his countrymen, who implored his pardon for the treatment he had received from them. Photos assured them of his love, and returned, as he had promised, to Jannina, where the pacha, aware of what he had told the Sooliotes, threw him immediately into a dungeon.

The Ottoman court had hitherto given no open sanction to Ali's proceedings against Sooli, but orders were now procured by him, calling on all the servants of the crown to take the field with him. An army of eighteen thousand men marched against the stronghold of the mountaineers, under the command of Ali's two sons, Moukhtar and Veli. The village of Sooli itself in a short time fell into their hands by treachery, but two of the other villages still held out. Photos Tsavellas heard, in the dungeons of Jannina, of the distresses of his brethren, and offered to Ali to put all the forts into his hands, if he would permit the inhabitants to retire to a place at a considerable distance, called Parga. Ali, wily as he was, consented, and Photos was sent to his friends, to whom he communicated the proposal, and advised that the old men and infants should alone be sent to Parga at present, while the men should stay to strike a last blow for their country. He himself conducted the aged to their refuge, but before he returned, all hope of resistance was at an end. A capitulation was offered by them and accepted, one condition of which was, that they should be allowed to retire with their families and as much baggage as they could carry away. In solemn silence, and with overflowing eyes, the Sooliotes quitted the land of their love, leaving an enthusiastic and patriotic priest, named Samuel, to deliver the place to the enemy. The officers sent to take possession found Samuel sitting on a box of powder, and, on their asking him what treatment he could expect from the pacha, he replied, "He who cares as little for life as I do, has little fear of pachas;" and, setting fire to the powder, he blew up himself, the officers, and some others, only two escaping of those that were present to tell the tale.

This was but one out of many of the acts of desperate heroism which signalled the exile of the Sooliotes. The treacherous Ali was not content with the possession of their country; while a Sooliote drew breath, his vengeance was unsatisfied. He harassed them on their road to Parga, and cut them off in great numbers, though at a dreadful expense of his own men. The mountaineers had separated into parties, one of which kept up a continuous fight of two days, and ultimately cut their way through the enemy. Before this, however, their women, to the number of sixty, despairing of escape, resolved to save at least their honour. They were placed on a ledge of rock, overlooking their brethren and husbands. Each of them was a mother, and, raising their infants, with averted faces, they threw them over the precipice. Then seizing the hands of each other, they commenced a wild whirling dance, and, one by one, as they came to the edge in the wheelings of the circle, flung themselves over. Every one of them perished in the fall. The Spartan mothers of old were incapable of an act evincing greater, or more high-souled, contempt of death than this.

Only seventeen hundred Sooliotes reached Parga, from which they passed over to the island of Corfu, on a grant of land being made to them by the Russian

government. But, like the sons of Ishmael, their hand had hitherto been against every man, and every man's against them, and their habits were of too unsettled a character to permit them to become quiet subjects. Their hearts, besides, were fixed on the mountain which gave them and their fathers birth, and they longed for an opportunity to return to it. An offer of this nature was held out to them by the very hand which had dispossessed them. Ali Pacha had gradually risen to nearly independent power in Upper Greece, and the sultan thought it time to check his career. Ali, besides, was immensely rich, which is a circumstance in general fatal to the satraps of the Turk. A powerful army under Ismael Pacha besieged one of Ali's sea-ports, in which they were assisted by a body of Sooliotes, under the command of a hero worthy of ancient Greece, Mark Botzaris. They had been promised by Ismael the restitution of Sooli for their services; but when the siege was at an end, this condition was not fulfilled; and, after remonstrating with the general in vain, the Sooliotes retired, and shut themselves up in their quarters in great discontent. While they were here assembled, listening to the lyre and voice of Mark Botzaris, who sang to them of the glorious olden days of their country, they were startled by the fall of several bombs in the midst of them. These did not burst, however; and, on examining them, they found a letter in one, containing proposals from Ali Pacha for restoring Sooli to them, on condition of their commencing instant hostilities against his enemies. It ought to be mentioned, that at this time the pacha was supposed to be acting in concert with a number of the Greek leaders, and that the deliverance of the whole country from the Turks was his object. Whether this was his motive, or merely self-interest, it is impossible to say; but it is certain that his hostilities with the common enemy were a main cause of the general war which commenced soon after this. Matters being in this state, the Sooliotes readily listened to Ali, and, after an exchange of hostages, the greater part of them set out for Sooli in the night, leaving Mark Botzaris with three hundred men in the camp. This expedition proved more fortunate to the Sooliotes than the preceding. After a series of skirmishes, attended with various success, they received from Ali the possession of their former homes at Sooli, of which they were once more the sole masters.

When a provisional government was established by the insurgent Greeks under the president Mavrocordato, Mark Botzaris was the leader of a division of the army, and a member of the senate. The deeds of the brave chief and his Sooliotes are mingled, from this time, with the general transactions of the war. For a period of many months, their old foe Ali had stood a siege in the castle of the lake of Jannina, where, at the age of eighty, he was destined to perish soon after. His death was perhaps owing to his jealousy of his ancient foes; for, with the consent of the Greek council, Mark Botzaris had offered to relieve him, by throwing a reinforcement of Sooliotes into the castle, an offer which the jealousy of Ali induced him to reject. The old pacha shot four of the principal officers of the sultan's army, with his own hand, before his death scene was perfected. Excepting the glorious death of Mark Botzaris, with an account of which we shall conclude this paper, there is nothing further in the individual history of the Sooliotes of much interest. They of course shared in, and now enjoy, the general pacification of Greece.

Mark Botzaris had been appointed commander of Western Greece, and hearing of the movements of a great force under the Seraskier Moostai, resolved to check them, or immolate himself for his country. With four hundred and fifty Sooliotes, and another band of three hundred men, he came up with the advanced guard of the enemy, which numbered eight thousand. He told his soldiers of his intention to attack the foe in the night, by entering the camp with sword and poniard, and declared that none should engage in the enterprise except those who acted of their own free will. Immediately two hundred and forty men stepped from the ranks, and the chief determined to perform the deed with them alone, leaving the rest to take charge of the standard of the cross, till the arrival of his brother Constantine. Favoured by the night, Botzaris and his gallant band spread death through the Turkish camp, and with his own hand he poniarded one of their commanders. Morning broke while the Sooliotes were still engaged in the work of destruction; but their hero had been mortally wounded. The arrival of his brother secured their retreat, and they began to move towards Missolonghi, leaving eighteen hundred of the enemy dead on the field. The principal officers of the party assembled round the litter on which Mark Botzaris lay, and, stretching forth his hand, the dying hero thus addressed them:—"My brethren, I have paid my debt to my country, and die content; I commend my children to your regard, and to the care of the nation. Be faithful servants to God and to your country. Leave me, and hasten to complete what I have begun." While all stood in tears, Constantine cried aloud for revenge, and turning on an advancing body of the Turks, put them to flight with great slaughter.

The mournful procession arrived at Missolonghi with the hero's remains stretched on a bier, his mantle laid over his body and his sword by his side. A train of eight thousand sheep, and a string of mules laden with three thousand two hundred muskets, followed the bier, being the spoils of the night on which he fell.

The principal citizens and officers received the procession, and the women began the funeral chants of their country. They sang his praises, and compared his death to that of Leonidas. This was the glorious end of the Eagle of Sooli, a hero worthy of the best days of Greece, and more noble and disinterested in his patriotism than any son she has given birth to in modern times.

DOMESTIC FLOWERS.

In a highly civilised state of society, such as ours, females, especially those of the middle and higher ranks, are almost excluded from all active participation in the business of life. This gives rise to indolence, listlessness, ennui, and a train of lesser annoyances, which in the main render their existence a state of misery. It ought not, however, to be thus. There are a thousand things which seem, in nature, especially designed to occupy the attention, and call forth the energies, of the female character. We shall at present only allude to flowers. The knowledge of their structure, habits, distribution over the earth, and modes of culture, is full of interest, within the reach even of the meanest capacity, and fully equal to exercise the powers of the most acute and comprehensive intellect. Flowers are the ornamental part of creation, and in many respects bear a close analogy to the female character. They are beautiful, delicate, fragile. When well treated, they flourish, bloom, and delight the beholder: when neglected or rudely managed, they droop, and wither, and die. At our banquets and festivals, what is more ornamental or pleasing than odorous flowers, with their deep green leaves contrasted with their splendid blossoms?—or in our gardens, parlours, and saloons, what artificial splendour can compare with the natural simplicity of fresh and green vegetation? But above all, in cities, those artificial resorts of men, where, in square boxes huddled together amid smoke, and dirt, and noise, human beings delight to congregate, any thing that serves to revive in the heart its instinctive love of nature, never fails of being highly prized. Hence it is, as Cowper observes, that we see the broken teapot, or the cracked pitcher, or the wooden box rudely nailed together, placed in the window of the artisan, and the few green plants they contain, cherished with the most affectionate care. This taste occasionally is that of the females of the family, and it ought more frequently to be so. We know nothing more innocent, or we might say useful, in the way of pastime, than this.

As there is often a very considerable deficiency of knowledge even in the simple treatment of domestic plants, we deem that a few words on the subject may not be held unacceptable. In the first place, then, the mould best suited for plants to be reared in pots is a moderately light earth from the fields, or a garden where the soil is not too rich—the earth from a mole-hill is generally excellent. The mould should always be taken within a foot or two of the surface, otherwise, if taken too deep, it has not the same fertile qualities. It should be broken down into fine powder, and freed as much as possible from stones and roots. When a plant is first set into the pot, it should not be exposed to the sun, and should be frequently watered—indeed, no flower-pots should be exposed unprotected to a strong glaring sun. As the evaporation from the sides of a pot is great, plants require more water in such a situation than in the natural soil. In warm weather they should be watered in the morning and evening, pouring the water gently around the outer rim of the pot, not upon the stem or leaves of the plant. Flower-pots should have a saucer under them; but the practice of pouring water into it is not a good one, unless the plant be of an aquatic species. In hot dry sunny weather, plants require a good supply of water; in moist cold weather, less; in frost, very little indeed. House plants should as much as possible be kept in one position, and in one temperature. Plants, in their natural state, are fixtures, and the plan sometimes followed of putting them out to the open air, and again into the house, except in very fine weather, and under particular circumstances, is an absurd and unscientific one. Plants always turn their leaves to the light and sun; and in a house, this sometimes injures the symmetry of the plant; but it is a bad plan to endeavour to correct this by turning round the pot—the efforts which the plant makes again to turn the discs of its leaves to the sun, retard its growth. These practices, by which plants are so grievously mismanaged, often appear to us as a species of torture little less than that of cruelty to animals. Some plants require the shade entirely, as the myrtle, and some other evergreens, that thrive best when excluded from the sun. Others, again, delight in the sun's rays, if they be not too scorching, or if there be not, at the same time, a current of dry air passing over them. When a plant is in need of moisture, you may know by its leaves drooping and becoming flaccid; when it is too wet, by its ceasing to grow, from mould or fungi growing on it, or from the damp mouldy state of the outside of the flower-pot. The mould in the pots requires to be changed generally every year, that is, partially, by removing some from the top and sides, and replacing it by new mould. When the plant has to be

removed into a larger pot, this is to be done by first watering the earth well, then carefully separating with a knife the mould from the sides, and gently turning the pot upside down, the whole separating in a mass. If there are too many roots, the small fibres may be cut off with a knife; and new earth having been put into a larger pot, the plant is to be placed in its proper position, and a good supply of water given. House plants often acquire a quantity of dust on the leaves. This is to be gently brushed off with a soft brush or feathers; and in warm weather—but in that only—the plant may be washed by pouring rain water on it from a watering-pan, or exposing it to a mild soft shower.

Now, we hope we have given sufficient directions for the treatment of our favourite domestic flowers; we have not room at present to say any thing about their selection, and must reserve this subject till another time. But, indeed, we are not so particular about the kind of flowers, as about their nice healthy appearance, and the neatness and order of their arrangement; from this we can always glean something of their mistress's character; it is to us as good as a bump on her forehead. That female who is not fond of flowers, is in a rude state of feeling. But we shall say no more, and will rather tell a story, illustrative of our foregoing remarks. It is a simple and a true tale; but to claim for it the notice of our fair readers, we shall call it by the romantic title of the Rose of Saugbdale.

We have got a name, then, for our heroine, and we shall introduce our hero under the name of Allen. This young gentleman had been for some time abroad, but having acquired a competency, and fallen into rather bad health, he resolved, on returning to his native country. A youth from the same part of the country had carried out an introduction to him, and they lived long on the most intimate terms. This youth was in the practice of corresponding regularly with his sisters at home, and not unfrequently read their artless and affectionate letters to his friend. Mr Allen was so charmed with the reports and the epistles of the young ladies, that, on his return, he made a point of getting an introduction to the family. Our hero was somewhat particular in his notions, and, when he arrived, it pleased his fancy to conceal all symptoms of wealth, and make it appear that the restoration of a somewhat impaired constitution was his only motive for his return. He very soon made the acquaintance of Captain Sidney, who lived on a very slender income, in a cottage in the neighbourhood of a county town. Mr Allen was welcomed as the friend of the son of his host, and entertained to take up his abode with him for some weeks, with all the frank hospitality of his country. The offer was accepted. The two daughters even surpassed his expectations; they were beautiful and graceful, but different from each other. The knowledge that Mr Allen was the particular friend of their much-loved brother, at once put them on the most familiar and unreserved terms with him. The elder of the two was exceedingly beautiful, with a noble and exquisite figure, regular features, raven-dark hair, and an expression of face that at once implied deep thought and sensibility. The other was beautiful also; fair, of less stature, with less regular features, but with something in her light cheerful manner, her active, winning, and simple habits, that was irresistibly attractive. For the first week, the young suitor was, to use a sporting phrase, completely at fault; he did not know his own mind, for it changed ten times a-day. So far, however, it was made up, that one of the ladies was to be his wife, if he were so fortunate as to prove acceptable to either; but which of the two he was to make choice of, was to him a mystery. The elder sister read, and thought, and talked, exactly as he would have the *beau ideal* of a female to do. The younger looked and expressed her every feeling in her pleased countenance, and, moreover, she acted too. She was unremittently occupied. She seemed to have the sole burthen of the establishment on her shoulders. She anticipated her father's wishes; the whole sympathy of the neighbourhood hinged upon her; every body's cares and joys interested her; and yet, with all her multiplicity of avocations, she was almost sole gardener. The flower-garden, the house plants, the myrtles, the geraniums, the fuchsias, all hung upon her for their daily tendance and support; and all were tended, and nursed, and watered, and arranged, as if by magic. Her labours were immense, if inquired into, yet she never appeared hurried or overcome: she glided along; her very presence seemed to command order and regularity. During the second week, Mr Allen's accustomed acumen and discernment began to return to him. He had been evidently overpowered by the beauty, and gracefulness, and taste, and good sense, of the elder sister. But were her tastes and habits exactly in unison with his own? Was she not even rather to be admired as an individual object, an exquisite specimen of nature's handiwork, than a being destined to make another supremely happy. "I love the city," says she, "with its grandeur, its intellect. I care not for base gold, but I like the honours, the splendour, the eclat which it brings. I might esteem a poor man, but my hopes and aspirations are placed on fortune. I scorn to deny it. I am ambitious, though neither proud nor vain."

"And I shudder at the ill-assorted city," says the other, "with its grandeur and its poverty, its magnificence and its filth, its wisdom and its folly. If I

could not make every one comfortable around me, I should loathe my own riches. I would not give a seat on that daisied bank, beside that dear little burn, and a peep at nature on this sunny day, for the sight of the finest pageant."

The third week had not passed over, when Mr Allen had fully made up his mind, and so had Rose, and the marriage was made up too; and Rose's husband told her often afterwards that it was her love for flowers, indicating her simple tastes, methodical arrangements, and accuracy and attention to details, that first weighed down the balance of his wavering affections, and which qualities have still bound those affections like a spell that can never be broken.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

To the English nation, nine-tenths of whom probably never heard his name, Fergusson may be described as the immediate predecessor and prototype of Burns. He was born, Oct. 17, 1750, in Edinburgh, where he spent the whole of his brief period of adult life in the humble office of a copyist of legal papers. The education of Fergusson was such as to fit him for English composition; but he succeeded best when he delineated the men and manners of his country in its own language. The Cottar's Saturday Night, the Holy Fair, and all the rest of the descriptive and epistolary poetry of Burns, were modelled upon similar compositions by Fergusson, whom the Ayrshire poet accordingly never scrupled to acknowledge as his master, and over whose grave he spent the first efforts of his own poetry in erecting a reverential monument.

The *Farmer's Ingle*, which obviously suggested the Cottar's Saturday Night, is generally acknowledged as one of the happiest efforts of Fergusson. It contains the following pleasing verses:—

The fient a cheep's among the bairnies now,
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane;
Aye maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
Grumble an' greet, an' mak an' unco mane.
In rangles round, before the ingle's lowe,
Frae gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks loupin' round the wirrikow;
O' ghaists, that win in glen an' kirk-yard drear;
Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shake
wi' fear!

O mockna this, my friends, but rather mourn,
Ye in life's bravest spring, wi' reason clear;
Wi' eild our lowliest fancies a' return,
An' dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
Though age her sair-dow'd front wi' ruckles wave,
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays,
Her e'enin' stent reels she as weel's the lave.
On some feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,
Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up and saw
Her ain spun cleeidin' on a darling oye.*

Careless tho' death should mak the feast her foy.
In its auld lerroch yet the deas remains,
Where the gudeman aft streaks him at his ease;
A warm an' canny lean for weary banes
O' labourers doylet upo' the weary leas.
Round him will baudrons an' the collic come,
To wag their tail, an' cast a thankfu' ee
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
O' kebbuck whang'd, an' dainty fadge, to prie;
This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak,
What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till;
How big a birn maun lie on bassie's back,
For meal an' mu'ter to the thirlin mill.
Neist, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bid
Glow thro' the byre, an' see the hawkies bound;
Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wonted tids,
An' ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground;
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Fergusson, like Burns, was of a social disposition, and possessed great powers of conversation. His features were animated by the fire of genius, and his general character was in the highest degree amiable and prepossessing. It can scarcely be imputed to him as a fault, that he mingled freely in the convivialities of his day, for exemption from bacchanalian habits was then unknown in Scottish society. Many of his best descriptive poems in the vernacular tongue relate to festive scenes, occasions, and circumstances, which he treats as one who rejoiced in the enjoyment of his fellow-creatures, and with a comic power which knew nothing of gall. His *Leith Races*, *Caller Oysters*, *Hallowfair*, *Rising of the Session*, and *King's Birth Day in Edinburgh*, are of this class of his compositions, and possess a merit far exceeding that of any similar poems by Ramsay, and only excelled by those of Burns. If any tinge of satire can be said to mingle in these lively strains, it refers to a certain extraordinary species of police, who were formerly maintained to keep the peace of the Scottish capital, and had probably, in the course of their professional duties, given the poet some personal cause of offence. These men, who bore arms as a military body, were exclusively old Highland sol-

diers, and their chief utility, it is to be feared, lay in the terror entertained for their rude and half-savage conduct when in the least degree provoked. Fergusson gives the following sarcastic account of their march to Leith Races:—

To whisky plouks that brunt for ouks
On town-guard sodgers' faces,
Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,
An' scrapes them for the races.
Their stumps, erst us'd to phillabegs,
Are dight in spatterdashies,
Whose barken'd hides scarce fend their legs
Frae weat an' weary plashes

O' dirt that day.

"Come, hafe a care (the captain cries),
On guns your bagnets thrav;
Now mind your manual exercise,
An' march down raw by raw."
An' as they march, he'll glowr about,
Tent a' their cuts an' scars;
'Mang them full mony a gawsy snout
Has gushit in birth-day wars,

Wi' blude that day.

"Her nainsel maun be carefu' now,
Nor maun she be misleard,
Sin' baxter lads hae seal'd a vow,
To skelp an' clout the Guard."
I'm sure Auld Reekie kens o' nane
That wou'd be sorry at it,
Though they shou'd dearly pay the kain,
An' get their tails weel sautit,

An' sair, thir days.

The best of the Scottish poems of Fergusson upon general subjects is one denominated *Braid Claith*, in which he very adroitly shows the efficacy of respectable attire:—

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonnie book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim

To laurell'd wreath,

But hap ye weel, baith back an' wame,
In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
An' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa,

Wi' a' this graith,

When beinly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesucks for him wha has nae feck o' t'
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;
A chiel' that ne'er will be respectit

While he draws breath,

Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,

Gangs trigly, faith!

Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,

Would be right laith,

When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen

Before he sheath

His body in a scabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fu' sair,

An' scauld him baith:

Wooers shou'd aye their travel spare,
Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends folk an unco heeze;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflies;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,

For little skaith:

In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For, tho' ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment folk wou'd hae a doubt on,

I'll tak my aith,

Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
O' gude Braid Claith.

The fate of this gentle poet was even more hapless than that of Burns. After becoming extensively known and appreciated as a man of genius, but yet without any attempt being made to elevate him from the humble line of duties to which he was reduced for bread, he was overtaken, in his twenty-fourth year, by the awful misfortune of insanity. Having been for some time before under the influence of a very deep sense of religion, his madness took a corresponding character, and became in time so violent as to oblige his widowed mother to consign him to a very miserable asylum, then the only refuge of the kind in Edinburgh, and which still exists for the accommodation of pauper lunatics. He was decoyed to this place in a closed chair, under the pretext of being taken to visit a friend. When he looked round and distinguished the character of the place, he rent the air with a wild yell of

anger and despair, which was responded to by the other inmates. The account usually given of the last days of the poor poet is one of the saddest chapters in the history of poetical genius. During the first night of his confinement, he slept none: the keeper found him in the morning, pacing his little cell in a distracted manner, and complaining bitterly of the friends who had brought him thither, saying that he should soon show the fallacy of their expectations by becoming "a burning and shining light"—in other words, a minister of the gospel. For two months he remained in this deplorable condition. A few evenings before his dissolution, when his mother and sister visited him, he was found in bed, and comparatively peaceable. He requested his mother to gather the bedclothes about him, and sit on his feet, which she said were very cold. She did so, and his sister took her seat by the bed-side. He then looked wistfully in the face of his affectionate parent, and said, "Oh, mother, this is kind indeed." Then addressing his sister, he said, "Might you not come frequently and sit beside me? You cannot imagine how comfortable it would be. You might bring your seam, and sew beside me." To this no answer was returned: an interval of silence was filled up by sobs and tears. "What ails you?" inquired the dying poet; "wherefore sorrow for me, sirs? I want for nothing here—but it is cold—it is very cold. You know I told you it would come to this at last—yes, I told you so. Oh, do not go yet, mother—I hope to be soon—oh, do not go yet—do not leave me!" The keeper, however, could allow them to remain no longer.

A remittance from an elder son, who had gone to sea, enabled the mother of the unfortunate maniac to make preparations for keeping him in her own house; but this purpose of tenderness was frustrated by death. On the 16th of October 1774, the poet died by night in the solitude of his cell, without a hand to administer to the comfort of his last moments, or a voice to whisper consolation to his parting spirit. He was interred in the Canongate churchyard, where, as already mentioned, Burns afterwards reared a simple stone to

—direct pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD,

AND STATE OF PRESERVATION OF THE BODIES OF KINGS.

THE manner in which we dispose of the remains of our deceased friends, is a subject which, within the last few years, has occupied a much greater share than formerly of the public attention. It involves not only considerations which belong to the general convenience, but includes also the gratification of individual taste, and the consolation of private sorrow. Although, in a strictly philosophical view, this subject possesses but little importance, except in relation to the convenience of survivors, yet so closely are our sympathies enlisted with it, so inseparably do we connect the feelings of the living with the condition of the dead, that it is in vain that we attempt to divest ourselves of its influence. It is incumbent on us therefore to analyse, as far as we may be able, the principles which belong to a correct view of this subject; since it is only by understanding these, that we may expect both reason and feeling to be satisfied.

The progress of all organised beings is towards decay. The complicated textures which the living body elaborates within itself, begin to fall asunder, almost as soon as life has ceased. The materials of which animals and vegetables are composed, have natural laws and irresistible affinities, which are suspended during the period of life, but which must be obeyed the moment that life is extinct. They continue to operate, until the exquisite fabric is reduced to a condition, in no wise different from that of the soil on which it has once trodden. In certain cases art may modify, and accident may retard, the approaches of disorganisation, but the exceptions thus produced are too few and imperfect to invalidate the certainty of the general law.

If we take a comprehensive survey of the progress and mutations of animal and vegetable life, we shall perceive that this necessity of individual destruction is the basis of general safety. The elements which have once moved and circulated in living frames, do not become extinct, nor useless after death—they offer themselves as the materials from which other living frames are to be constructed. What has once possessed life, is most assimilated to the living character, and most ready to partake of life again. The plant which springs from the earth, after attaining its growth, and perpetuating its species, falls to the ground, undergoes decomposition, and contributes its remains to the nourishment of plants around it. The myriads of animals which range the woods, or inhabit the air, at length die upon the surface of the earth, and, if not devoured by other animals, prepare for vegetation the place which receives their remains. Were it not for this law of nature, the soil would be soon exhausted, the earth's surface would become a barren waste, and the whole race of organised beings, for want of sustenance, would become extinct.

Man alone, the master of the creation, does not willingly stoop to become a participator in the routine of nature. In every age, he has manifested a disposition to exempt himself, and to rescue his fellow, from the common fate of living beings. Although he is prodigal of the lives of other classes, and sometimes sacrifices a hundred inferior bodies to procure himself a single repast, yet he regards with scrupulous anxiety the destination of his own remains; and much labour

* Grandchild.

and treasure are devoted by him to ward off for a season the inevitable courses of nature. Under the apprehension of posthumous degradation, human bodies have been embalmed, their concentrated dust has been inclosed in golden urns, monumental fortresses have been piled over their decaying bones;—with what success, and with what use, it may not be amiss to consider.

We have selected a few instances, in which measures have been taken to protect the human frame from decay, which will be seen to have been in some cases partially successful, in others not so. They will serve as preliminaries to the general considerations which are connected with the subject.

One of the most interesting accounts of the preservation of a body, the identity of which was undoubted, is that of the disinterment of King Edward I. of England. The readers of English history will recollect that this monarch gave, as a dying charge to his son, that his heart should be sent to the Holy Land, but that his body should be carried in the van of the army, till Scotland was reduced to obedience. He died in the month of July 1307, and, notwithstanding his injunctions, was buried in Westminster Abbey, in October of the same year. It is recorded that he was embalmed, and orders for renewing the cerecloth about his body were issued in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. The tomb of this monarch was opened and his body examined in January 1774, under the direction of Sir Joseph Ayloffe, after it had been buried 467 years. The following account we extract from a contemporaneous volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"Some gentlemen of the Society of Antiquaries, being desirous to see how far the actual state of Edward I.'s body answered to the methods taken to preserve it, obtained leave to open the large stone sarcophagus, in which it is known to have been deposited, on the north side of Edward the Confessor's chapel. This was accordingly done on the morning of January 2, 1774, when in a coffin of yellow stone they found the royal body in perfect preservation, enclosed in two wrappers; one of them was of gold tissue, strongly waxed, and fresh; the other and outermost considerably decayed. The corpse was habited in a rich mantle of purple, paned with white, and adorned with ornaments of gilt metal, studded with red and blue stones and pearls. Two similar ornaments lay on the hands. The mantle was fastened on the right shoulder by a magnificent *fibula* of the same metal, with the same stones and pearls. His face had over it a silken covering, so fine, and so closely fitted to it, as to preserve the features entire. Round his temples was a gilt coronet of fleurs de lys. In his hands, which were also entire, were two sceptres of gilt metal; that in the right surmounted by a cross fleure, that in the left by three clusters of oak leaves, and a dove on a globe; this sceptre was about five feet long. The feet were enveloped in the mantle and other coverings, but sound, and the toes distinct."

Another instance of partial preservation is that of the body of Charles I. [an account of the opening of whose coffin at Windsor, in the year 1813, was given in the 134th Number of the Journal]. These are two of the most successful instances of posthumous preservation. The care taken in regard to some other distinguished personages has been less fortunate in its result. The coffin of Henry VIII. was inspected at the same time with that of Charles, and was found to contain nothing but the mere skeleton of the king. Some portions of beard remained on the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it.

During the present century, the sarcophagus of King John has also been examined. It contained little else than a disorganised mass of earth. The principal substances found, were some half decayed bones, a few vestiges of cloth and leather, and a long rusty piece of iron, apparently the remains of the sword-blade of the monarch.

The rapidity with which decomposition takes place in organic bodies, depends upon the particular circumstances under which they are placed. A certain temperature, and a certain degree of moisture, are indispensable agents in the common process of putrefaction; and could these be avoided in the habitable parts of our globe, human bodies might last indefinitely. As has been lately shown, peat moss possesses the property of preserving animal remains for almost any length of time. Frost is also one of the most powerful antiseptics. In 1799, the body of an elephant was found imbedded in a rock of ice at the northern extremity of Russia, and was in a state of perfect preservation, with its flesh and skin as entire as when it existed antecedently to the deluge, or to whatever convulsion of the globe may have transported animals apparently of the torrid zone to the confines of the arctic circle. The principal part of the remains of this antediluvian elephant are now in the museum at St Petersburg. It is well known that a certain degree of heat, combined with a dry atmosphere, although a less perfect protection, is sufficient to check the destructive process. Warmth, combined with moisture, tends greatly to promote decomposition; yet if the degree of heat, or the circumstances under which it acts, are such as to produce a perfect dissipation of moisture, the further progress of decay is arrested. In the arid caverns of Egypt, the dried flesh of mummies, although greatly changed from its original ap-

pearance, has made no progress towards ultimate decomposition, during two or three thousand years.

In the crypt under the cathedral of Milan, travellers are shown the ghastly relics of Carlo Borromeo, as they have lain for two centuries, enclosed in a crystal sarcophagus, and bedecked with costly finery, of silk and gold. The preservation of this body is equal to that of an Egyptian mummy, yet a more loathsome piece of mockery than it exhibits, we can hardly imagine.

It will be perceived that the instances which have been detailed are cases of extraordinary exemption, resulting from uncommon care, or from the most favourable combination of circumstances; such as can befall but an exceedingly small portion of the human race. The common fate of animal bodies is to undergo the entire destruction of their fabric, and the obliteration of their living features, in a few years, and sometimes even weeks, after their death. No sooner does life cease, than the elements which constituted the vital body, become subject to the common laws of inert matter. The original affinities, which had been modified or suspended during life, are brought into operation, the elementary atoms react upon each other, the organised structure passes into decay, and is converted to its original dust. Such is the natural, and we may add, the proper destination, of the material part of all that has once moved and breathed.

The reflections which naturally suggest themselves in contemplating the wrecks of humanity which have occasionally been brought to light, are such as lead us to ask, of what possible use is a resistance to the laws of nature, which, when most successfully executed, can at best only preserve a defaced and degraded image of what was once perfect and beautiful? Could we by any means arrest the progress of decay, so as to gather round us the dead of a hundred generations in a visible and tangible shape; could we fill our houses and our streets with mummies—what possible acquisition could be more useless, what custom could be more revolting? For precisely the same reason, the subterranean vaults and the walls of brick which we construct to divide the clay of humanity from that of the rest of creation, and to preserve it separate for a time, as it were for future inspection, are neither useful, gratifying, nor ultimately effectual. Could the individuals themselves, who are to be the subjects of this care, have the power to regulate the officious zeal of their survivors, one of the last things they could reasonably desire would be, that the light should ever shine on their changed and crumbling relics.

On the other hand, when nature is permitted to take its course, when the dead are committed to the earth under the open sky, to become early and peacefully blended with their original dust, no unpleasant association remains. It would seem as if the forbidding and repulsive conditions which attend on decay, were merged and lost in the surrounding harmonies of the creation.

When the body of Major André was taken up, a few years since, from the place of its interment near the Hudson, for the purpose of being removed to England, it was found that the skull of that officer was closely encircled by a network, formed by the roots of a small tree, which had been planted near his head. This is a natural and most beautiful coincidence. It would seem as if a faithful sentinel had taken his post, to watch, till the obliterated ashes should no longer need a friend.

Convenience, health, and decency, require that the dead should be early removed from our sight. The law of nature requires that they should moulder into dust; and the sooner this change is accomplished, the better. This change should take place, not in the immediate contiguity of survivors, not in frequented receptacles provided for the promiscuous concentration of numbers, not where the intruding light may annually usher in a new tenant, to encroach upon the old. It should take place peacefully, silently, separately, where the soil continues its primitive exuberance, and where the earth has not become too costly to afford to each occupant at least his length and breadth.

Within the bounds of populous and growing cities, interments cannot with propriety take place beyond a limited extent. The vacant tracts reserved for burial grounds, and the cellars of churches which are converted into tombs, become glutted with inhabitants, and are in the end obliged to be abandoned, though not, perhaps, until the original tenants have been ejected, and the same space has been occupied three or four successive times. Necessity obliges a recourse at last to be had to the neighbouring country; and hence in Paris, London, Liverpool, Glasgow (where there is now a tastefully disposed burial ground), Leghorn, and other European cities, as also at Boston in the United States, cemeteries have been constructed without the confines of their population. These places, in consequence of the sufficiency of the ground, and the funds which usually grow out of such establishments, have been made the subjects of tasteful ornament. Travellers are attracted by their beauty, and dwell with interest on their recollection. The scenes which, under most other circumstances, are repulsive and disgusting, are by the joint influence of nature and art rendered beautiful, attractive, and consoling.*

* The above article is chiefly a quotation from the *North American Review*.

A TOWN ON THE CHINESE FRONTIER.

By an arrangement betwixt the Chinese and Russian governments, the only point at which commerce can take place between their respective empires is at Kiachta, a town on the frontiers of Siberia. To this busy trading settlement centres the inland traffic of the whole of Northern Asia, and here reside the commercial agents of many of the wealthiest merchants of St Petersburg. While Kiachta thus forms the seat of trade of the Russians, the Chinese, with whom the communication is carried on, possess a similar dépôt in their town of Maimatchin, which stands at a short distance on the corresponding frontier of their empire. A closed esplanade separates the two towns. On the Russian side there is an European gate, with a guard-house, and on the Chinese side there is a beautifully constructed entrance, with inscriptions and mythological figures.

The interior of Maimatchin possesses all the characteristics of a Chinese city. The streets are straight and narrow, and nothing is seen but long blank walls, interrupted now and then with a closed gateway; for in China it is the custom to be shut up in one's own premises, and to let nothing be seen externally of what is going on within. Behind the heavy dead walls of the street are the respective dwellings, each in the shape of distinct open courts, round which the rooms for the residence of the families are erected, as well as the apartments and booths for traffic. These dwellings are for the most part elegantly furnished with mats, divans, japanned tables, mirrors, pictures, and other articles of luxury. The principal article of furniture is the divan, a large sofa-like seat placed in the sitting apartment, and on which the Chinese place themselves with legs crossed, according to Oriental usage. Every dwelling has a flower garden attached—the cultivation of flowers being a favourite pursuit of this remarkable people. One of the most striking peculiarities of this Chinese town, is its total want of women, no female being allowed to reside in it; a circumstance perhaps arising from the proximity of the town to the European settlements.

A gentleman, high in office in the Russian service, who had lately occasion to visit Kiachta and Maimatchin, and from whom we have received an account of these particulars, thus describes his visit of ceremony to the house of Tzin-Lee, a Chinese of distinction, and Dzargoutchey or chief agent under the minister of foreign affairs.—It was agreed I should accept his invitation to dinner for next day, and, in the meantime, I sent an aid-de-camp to present the usual compliments. Next day, accompanied by the inspector of the frontiers, the director of the customs, other public functionaries, and a detachment of Cossacks, I repaired to Maimatchin.

Our host met us at the outermost door of his apartments, and, after shaking hands, which is a Chinese as well as an English custom, he conducted me into his saloon, where he and I alone placed ourselves on the divan. Tea was handed round in porcelain cups, with boat-shaped saucers; next we had dried fruits and sweetmeats. We then reciprocally presented our officers to each other. The conversation began with commonplace questions about our ages, families, and ranks; the details regarding arms and dress; and at last fell upon the intention of my journey, which the curious Chinese tried to find out by very skillfully put questions. I was amused by his efforts; and as there was no secret in it, I told him, that in going to visit, by the emperor's orders, the metallurgical establishments of the province of Nestschinsk, I was tempted by curiosity to look at this interesting point of our frontier. I do not know if he believed me, but he appeared satisfied, and I shall be honoured by a report regarding me being made to his celestial majesty. Our conversation was carried on by means of an interpreter. When dinner was announced, the dzargoutchey and I passed together into the dining-room hand in hand. There were five of us at the table, which was not much larger than an ordinary whist-table. Before each guest were set two porcelain saucers, one of which was empty, and the other half full of vinegar. We had brought knives and forks with us, as the Chinese employ two little ivory chopsticks, which they manage very skilfully with the three first fingers of the right hand, and with which they even contrive to take liquid food. The table was covered with preparations served in saucers like our plates, and the dishes consisted of pieces of pork, of mutton, of fowl, and of game, fried in grease. Portions are taken upon the saucers, and eaten after being dipped in vinegar; the meat dishes, vegetables, cabbage, cucumber, cauliflower, and sweet pastry, were alternately offered to us, and I tasted a great many of them, at first from curiosity, and, afterwards, because, according to the rules of Chinese politeness, the dzargoutchey was continually helping me to those bits which he thought best. The dinner was ended by eight sorts of meat soups, which is the maximum of Chinese etiquette, which proportions the number of dishes to the consideration in which the guest is held. We had brought bread for ourselves, as the Chinese never use it. Little pieces of silver paper were constantly given us to wipe our mouths with. The beverage was a kind

of brandy, made from sweet rice, of a very disagreeable taste. There was no water, and the glasses were similar to those used in France for liqueurs. Such was our repast, which lasted for nearly an hour, and during which we conversed gaily regarding the manners of the Chinese ladies. Certainly, a Chinese dinner is not particularly delightful to an European, but some of the dishes of mashed pork and pastry are very palatable. They are neatly served, and prepared with cleanliness, if one may judge by their kitchens, which are very ingeniously contrived with respect to the application of fuel. The Chinese cuisine aims more at variety than at quantity, and it would really be tolerable if there were less grease employed. Spices, and, above all, garlic, predominate, and pork is their favourite meat. After dinner we returned to the drawing-room, where we were offered tea, and excellent sweetmeats. Apropos of tea, it is prepared in China in a way very different from ours. A large bowl is half filled with black pekoe, the most esteemed, or at least the most commonly used; boiling water is poured upon it; and after leaving it for some time to infuse, it is served in cups without the addition of sugar. One becomes accustomed to drink it in this way, which renders the flavour much more perceptible. The tea which we drank at the house of the dzargoutchey was remarkably fine.

Whilst we were at dessert, our host retired to change his dress; for it is a mark of politeness among the Chinese to do so after dinner. The dress of the Chinese is nearly the same for all classes, excepting in the materials, and consists of a long robe, which crosses over and is attached by buttons; and of a vest with wide sleeves, which is put on above it, and which falls down to the haunches. The trousers are in two parts, one for each leg, and are fastened together at the waist. The stockings are of silk, and very thin, and the boots are of black satin, with thick soles of paper covered with leather. The head is shaved, but a long lock of hair is reserved, and hangs from the crown. A little black cap, with a conical crown covered with a fringe of scarlet silk, and with the brim turned up, is worn by every one; and those of the rich are distinguished only by the fineness of the felt, and by the colour of the button, which is a distinctive mark of rank. Our dzargoutchey had a transparent button, which indicates that he belongs to the sixth rank (there being fourteen in China). The military classes have, as a mark of honour, peacocks' feathers, which they wear in their caps. Every Chinese has at his girdle a pouch, a purse, and a case containing his little chop-sticks for eating, with a knife. The cases which hold these articles are often of precious materials, and highly ornamented.

The dzargoutchey returned, after having dressed. He was in a robe of a beautiful kind of silk, of a charming shade of brown, and his vest was of blue figured satin. He showed us several curiosities, books, and weapons, and offered to show us the principal temple, in order to pass the time until the hour for the theatre. The temple which I saw, the interior of which resembles those Chinese pavilions of which every one has seen drawings, is of a square form, with a wide projecting cornice forming a verandah, supported by the pillars which surround the building. Nothing can be more extraordinary than the number of paintings and ornaments which decorate the cornice. The pillars are gilt, and covered with inscriptions, and the walls with mythological emblems and sentences from sacred books. The interior of the temple is divided into three parts where the idols are placed; and before those idols which occupy recesses, are tables, on which are candles burning, vases filled with water, perfumes, or the articles offered in sacrifice, such as flowers, grains, and free-will offerings. Draperies and pennons hang over the tables, and conceal the idols from the view of the spectator. The walls are painted in fresco with gold and beautiful colours, and represent the most remarkable actions or circumstances in the lives of the gods to whom the temple is dedicated, and principally the combats which have given to their chief deity the pre-eminence.

On arriving at the recesses which contain the idols (which are not seen on first entering), one cannot help giving a start of surprise, and almost of fear, on seeing these strange figures, of about twenty feet in height, with features of a horrible aspect. The dress of the idols is as extraordinary as their countenances, and every thing about them is carved and coloured with a care and a skill which prove the high talents of the artists. In the temple which I saw, there were nine divinities placed in three groups. In the centre one was Fo, the chief deity, accompanied by his acolytes, or apostles, who have contributed to his success; on the two other sides were the gods of war, of justice, of commerce, and of agriculture, with some secondary idols. The god Fo is the only one which has a dress of yellow satin, a colour which is held sacred by the Chinese, and worn by none but the emperor. The temple of Maimatchin appeared to me one of the most remarkable things which I have seen during my travels. After we had visited the temple, the time for the theatre being arrived, we repaired thither to the dzargoutchey's box. The theatre was like those which are to be seen in the Champs Elysées at the time of public fêtes; it was decorated with great taste, in the Chinese manner, with a projecting cornice, and was very well painted. There were inscriptions over and on the pillars of the proscenium. The female characters are represented by good-looking young men about

fifteen years of age. The spectators are in the open air, with the exception of the dzargoutchey and the principal merchants, who alone have boxes in front of the stage. The piece represented was a melo-drama, and the intervals between the acts were filled up by a burst of instrumental music. One must have heard this horrible music to have an idea of the discordant sounds which can be produced by enormous clarionets without keys, by flutes six feet long, accompanied by cymbals, by gongs, and by a kind of drum, which could be heard at the distance of a league, the whole led by detestable marine trumpets. The subject of the play was taken from the history of China. An emperor is dethroned by an usurper, who draws the people to him by declaring himself inspired by heaven. The emperor dies in prison, and the empress retires into a distant province, where, by her courage and her efforts, she brings back a portion of her subjects to their allegiance, fights against the usurper, kills him with her own hand, and places her own son on the throne. The whole was mixed up with tricks and combats, much more ridiculous than those in our minor theatres. Those who played the parts of women resembled masses of clothes, in which no feature was distinguishable, and were altogether ungainly objects.

From any thing I could learn, the Chinese, even of the highest rank, in Maimatchin, as elsewhere, are either very ignorant in general knowledge, or affect to be so. They consider themselves to be superior to all other nations in the world; indeed, every other people are reckoned barbarians, or little better than dogs. The dzargoutchey, for instance, I found to be ignorant of the existence of the French nation. He knew in Europe only the English and Portuguese, and believed the Russians to be Asiatics. But for every thing which concerns their self-love or their interests, the Chinese have a sense and a tact which supplies the place of real information. The prejudices which they possess are not chargeable upon themselves, but the conceited and ignorant government which shuts them up, and refuses all external communication. I know that the Chinese people would not be sorry to see the world opened to them. They feel that they would gain much by it; but it is with fear and trembling that a few of them dare to touch upon this subject with strangers, for the most cruel punishments would be inflicted upon any one who should have the audacity to express such an opinion, which is, however, very generally held.

JOSEPH OF ILAY.

IN Queen Anne's reign, few made a more illustrious figure than Butler Duke of Ormond, who, for his attachment to the cause of St Germain, was a particular favourite of the queen, and of the party who then held the reins of government. It happened once that his grace, who had been appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, when on his passage to undertake his government, was forced by contrary winds upon the almost barren island of Ilay.

There was no place in this small and bleak island where his excellency could find tolerable accommodation, except a poor clergyman's house, in which were two or three rooms, and these but very poorly furnished. However, these inconveniences were amply compensated by the cheerful and happy disposition of the landlord, and the frugal but decent hospitality with which his excellency was particularly charmed. The wind some days afterwards shifting about, the duke and his retinue prepared for setting out again on their passage; but before he went on board, he asked his landlord what his living was worth. "Only L.22," replied Joseph, for that was his name; at which his excellency being surprised, asked again how he came to have things so decent and neat on such a small salary. "Why," replied he, "my wife Rebecca is an excellent housewife; and as we have two cows, she sells the milk and cheese, and almost supports the family, whilst we reserve the chief part of the income for clothes and our children's education, which, at all events, I am determined to give them: and then the world is before them—let them shift for themselves." Ormond was pleased at the sight of so much contentment and genuine felicity which this poor clergyman enjoyed, and, therefore, having made the wife a handsome present, he promised to do still something more for Joseph her husband, and immediately went on board.

Joseph having in vain waited with anxiety from time to time to hear of something being done in his favour, at last took the resolution of going to Dublin and pushing his fortune, for which he seemed to have had only this single opportunity in his whole life. Fully bent on his design, he set out, and soon arrived in Dublin. Being a man of some abilities, he imagined the only way to attain his end would be, if possible, to preach before his excellency, and using every stroke of address to make the duke recollect who he was, and what he had promised. He thought if he could gain his end this way, it would be more successful, than, by an

indicate bluntness, to go at once to his excellency's residence, and put him in mind of his promise. Upon this, he applied to the dean to be permitted to preach in the cathedral next Sunday. The dean, who knew nothing about him, and never heard of him before, seemed a little surprised at the request; and being of a humane and gentle disposition, he did not peremptorily refuse it, but, judging it necessary to be somewhat acquainted with the abilities of the person to whom he was to grant this favour, he artfully entered into conversation with the stranger upon various subjects; and finding him to be a man possessed of no contemptible share of both natural and acquired abilities, he permitted him to preach the following Sabbath afternoon before his excellency and the peers and commons. Having mounted the pulpit, he chose that remarkable text, "But the chief butler (his grace's name was Butler) remembered not Joseph, but forgot him."

Here he used his utmost efforts to paint the unhappy tendency that high life has upon the great, to make them overlook beneficent actions done them on some occasions by those that even tread in the humblest paths of indigence and obscurity; and having described the inhumanity and injustice towards their generous benefactors, he observed, that this negligence often took its rise from the multiplicity of business in which they were laudably employed, or from having their ears poisoned with the fascinating adulations of that servile crowd of flatterers that never fail on all occasions to seduce their attention from the most noble of all pursuits, humanity, benevolence, and compassion, to those of insensibility, intemperance, riot, and debauchery, rather than from any innate depravity of heart. Having delineated this unhappy tenor of conduct at some length, and with the most pathetic, lively, and animated address, so that almost every person hearing him felt what he said, he fully accomplished his design by making this striking application—"And now, my honoured hearers, let us turn our thoughts inwardly, and question ourselves, 'Did ever I have a kind office done me by one of an inferior station of life, and to whom a bountiful Providence had not been so liberal as to worldly affluence, but had bestowed more valuable favours, those of a kind, generous, and open heart, and, like the poor widow in the Gospel, that freely gave a mite, although it was all her living? And have I overlooked such generosity, and basely forgot to reward it sevenfold? Have ever I in my life been in such a situation, exposed to the inclemencies of the storm, and when conflicting elements seemed to conspire my ruin? And did ever any of a low but contented station of life, with open arms, receive me and my weather-beaten attendants into his house, while, perhaps, his equally kind spouse was busy in heaping on plenty of fuel, to recall the heat into our chilled and benumbed limbs, and with the utmost solicitude preparing a repast of decent, plain, and comfortable food, to revive our exhausted spirits, and to cherish our hearts, now secure from the impetuosity of the roaring storm?—nor would the kind pair permit us to venture away from their frugal but happy abode, till serene weather and milder skies invited our departure, although they had no hopes, or at least no certainty, of recompense on my part? Have I, with a baseness of soul unworthy of my station, allowed such true benevolence to pass unrewarded, and felt ashamed to acknowledge my benefactor? Have I suffered them to languish under the iron grasp of poverty, and, possibly, to solicit charity's cold hand in vain?' Here the duke, who paid all along attention to the sermon, could not help examining his own conduct, and, upon recollection, found that he himself was guilty of some pieces of negligence, equally criminal, and perfectly similar to this which had just now been described in such affecting colours. But he was still more affected, when, upon a thorough examination of the person, he found he bore a strong resemblance to the figure and features of his old hospitable landlord in the island of Ilay, and whom, till brought to recollection by this affecting discourse, he had unkindly forgotten; upon which he turned to one of his lords, and asked him if this was not their old landlord in Ilay; to which he replied, "Please your excellency, I think it is." "Cause him, after service, to come and dine with me."

Joseph, being thus brought in and set down, the duke asked him if he did not come from Ilay, and if it was not his design to put him in mind of his promise to provide for him. Here Joseph blushed, and with that ingenuousness natural to a generous mind, confessed that he was the person, and that it really was his sole intention; for that he imagined his excellency's neglect of him did not arise from a contempt of his meanness of life, or from a dishonourable shame of acknowledging a good office when done by an inferior, which a great soul like his excellency's must disdain, but from the vast and important concerns of the government with which he was entrusted; therefore he accounted it no matter of surprise that this, like a small receipt among a heap of papers, was fallen aside and lost. To which the duke replied, "You are a worthy man;" and immediately after dinner he ordered one of his clerks to look over the vacancies in the church. The clerk, after searching, told his excellency there were none but a living of L.400 per annum. His excellency answered, "Well, there is none more deserving of it than this generous worthy man," and immediately preferred Joseph from his poor L.22 a-year to L.400.

Let us now mark the quick transition of fortune. The opposite interest getting the superiority, for jar-

ring interests and factions will always be joined in a free state, the Duke of Ormond was divested of all his dignities, and, escaping a trial by returning to France, he was declared a fugitive, and his large fortune was forfeited to the crown. The generosity of his friends for some time supplied him, but, alas! these aids were soon withdrawn, and the once great Duke of Ormond, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, lieutenant-general of his majesty's armies, &c. &c., now found himself treading in the lowest paths of fortune, and surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, contempt, and death. But how agreeably was he surprised to find a comfortable supply from a very unexpected channel, namely, his old friend Joseph! That generous-hearted man, hearing of his great patron and benefactor's misfortune, thought the least part of his duty was to spare as much as he could out of his benefice, to supply the necessities of that great and good man, from whom he had all his living; and, therefore, one day taking his wife aside, he said to her, "Rebecca, my dear, you hear what has happened to the Duke of Ormond, who liberally put us into our present affluent situation, and you know very well we can as easily live upon £100 a-year as on £1000. What would you think of settling £300 a-year on our generous patron for life, for I hear, to the disgrace of his friends, he is in danger of perishing for want?" Rebecca readily consented to so noble a proposal, and immediately Joseph modestly remitted to the duke the first quarter of his annuity. Struck with this second act of kindness, his grace wrote a full account of it to a great personage at court, who, although in different interests, still preserved the laws of friendship, amidst all the commotion of state, inviolable and secure. Being charmed with such true generosity in a poor man, this friendly courtier got Joseph preferred to a second living, which made him worth £800 a-year; but prior to this second preferment, the Duke of Ormond died in exile; so that Joseph had it now no more in his power to relieve the wants and alleviate the misfortunes of his noble benefactor.

Every circumstance in this story is true, and truth gives a value to anecdotes of this kind. Some years ago, an officer in the army declared that he was the grandson of the hero of our story, and used to divert himself and friends with relating these particulars respecting his benevolent progenitor Joseph of Ilay.

AFRICAN EMIGRATION.

THE following humorous letter on the comforts of emigration to Africa, is given in Mr Hood's Comic Annual for 1830:—

"Squampash Flatts, 9th Nov. 1827.

"Dear Brother—Here we are, thank Providence, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts—the majestic Mudiboo winding through the midst, with the magnificent range of the Squab mountains in the distance. But the prospect it is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a panorama in a pill-box! We have fixed our settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage and all our iron-work; but by great good fortune we saved Mrs Paisely's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log-huts and one of clay, which, however, on the second day, fell into the ground landlord's. We have now built it up again; and, all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect—and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the old metropolis. We have one of the log-houses to ourselves—or at least shall have when we have built a new hog sty. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard; the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs, but, fortunately, we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs P. grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits. The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract these reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them roaring round the fence every night, from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied; but ever since he comes to us as regular as clockwork, for his mutton; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets; but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into a pitfall; but after twice catching Mrs P. and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all; and, to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door. We have only lost one of our number since we came;

namely, Diggory, the market gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanise, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but he did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just dispatched Mudge, the herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its very existence. The river Mudiboo is deep and rapid, and said to swarm with alligators, though I have heard but of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long; this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, efts, &c. are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes. In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African paradise."

TO MY SHADOW.

Constant companion of my way,
Where'er my steps may devious stray—
A shade twin-born with me—thy doom
To haunt me from the cradle to the tomb.
Like some dark thought of former guilt,
(Virtue destroyed, or blood in anger spilt),
From which reflection cannot fly,
Nor darkness veil from scrutiny.
Dark spectral being, art thou he
The sprite or demon, who, 'tis said,
Waits on us mortals constantly—
An ever present, tutelary shade,
Whom neither flight nor hiding can evade?
Whether in motion or at rest,
A solitary or a guest,
Thou, image of myself, art nigh,
A spectre, and no novelty!—
At festive board I raise my hand,
And on the wall see thine expand,
Congenial moving with my own,
The wine-cup, too, in unison.
Nodding my head, "good health, my friend,"
I say, and see thine also bend.
If laughter shake my labouring breast,
Thou, too, must heave thy shadowy chest—
What! art thou conscious of a jest?
If, pensive, I recline my brow
Upon my hand, thou, drooping low,
Seem'st sadly musing in thy mind—
What! art thou melancholy, too, inclined?
In vain my hand, extended wide,
Attempts to seize thee at my side.
In silent mockery of myself,
I see thee raise thine own, proud elf,
And shake it, as thou would'st menace,
And brave and scorn me to my face.
Thou com'st in questionable shape,
And I would speak with thee—why aye
My gesture thus, nor deem reply
To me, most "shadowy majesty!"
Contemptuous shade, I wave my hand
And beckon thee away. I stand
Or fly with swiftest foot, but still
Thou by my side art visible,
Mocking me with a mimic play,
A pantomime of every act,
And motion of this frowzy clay,
"Of spirit all compact."
I do remember me full well,
In dreaming youth, it once befell,
That, chancing on a wall to spy
Myself depicted faithfully,
As any other boy would do,
Forward I moved, and it moved too;
I stopped, it stopped—and then I fled
Towards home, but after me it sped,
Close at my heels, and now drawn out
To giant's length, or thereabout.
I saw 'twas needless to contend—
And then I thought, perhaps my friend
The giant-killer, it might be,
In search of deeds of chivalry.
So, leisurely, I took my way,
Resolved to break his company,
Where'er a sudden turn gave chance
To 'scape his vigilance of glance;
But, need I tell, 'twas all in vain,
And that we ne'er did part again?
Being most strange, and undefined,
Who neither matter art nor mind;
And yet I see thee clear and plain
In shape and gesture, form and mien—
Another self, but still not me,
Existence—yet nonentity!
I know thee, phantom, now—thou art
The type of earthly happiness,
For ever near us, but apart;
Nothing—yet something ne'ertheless!
Still near us—longed for, and pursued
In business, crowds, and solitude;
One step—and 'tis within our grasp,
So seems it; on we rush, and clasp—
What do we clasp? What have we caught?
Only the shadow of our thought!

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—We learn from Burckhardt, that among the Arabs a man has an exclusive right to the hand of his cousin; he is not obliged to marry her, but she cannot, without his consent, become the wife of any other person. He usually says, "She was my slipper, I cast her off." In this they seem to follow the ancient custom of the Jews; for it is to be observed that Boaz, before he took Ruth to wife, applied to one who was more nearly related to her than himself, to know whether he would make use of his right of redemption, and did not marry her till this man had afforded it.—*Scriptural Elucidation.*

MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.

TEN years ago (says White, in his Natural History of Selborne), I used to spend some weeks yearly at Sunbury, which is one of those pleasant villages lying on the Thames near Hampton Court. In the autumn, I could not help being much amused with those myriads of the swallow tribe which assemble in those parts. But what struck me most was, that, from the time they began to congregate, forsaking the chimneys and houses, they roosted every night in the osier beds of the aits of that river. Now, this resorting to that element, at that season of the year, seems to give some countenance to the northern opinion (strange as it is) of their retiring under water. A Swedish naturalist is so much persuaded of that fact, that he talks, in his Calendar of Flora, as familiarly of the swallows going under water in the beginning of September, as he would of his poultry going to roost a little before sunset. An observing gentleman in London writes me word, that he saw a house-martin, on the 23d of last October, flying in and out of its nest in the Borough; and I myself, on the 29th of last October, as I was travelling through Oxford, saw four or five swallows hovering round and settling on the roof of the county hospital. Now, is it likely that these poor little birds (which perhaps had not been hatched but a few weeks) should, at that late season of the year, and from so midland a county, attempt a voyage to Goree or Senegal, almost as far as the equator? I acquiesce entirely in your opinion (Mr Pennant's), that though most of the swallow kind may migrate, yet some do stay behind and hide with us during the winter. As to the short-winged, soft-billed birds which come trooping in such numbers in the spring, I am at a loss even what to suspect about them: I watched them narrowly this year, and saw them about till about Michaelmas, when they appeared no longer. Substist they cannot openly among us, and yet elude the eyes of the inquisitive; and as to their hiding, no man pretends to have found any of them in a torpid state in the winter. But with regard to their migration, what difficulties attend that supposition!—that such feeble, bad fliers, who the summer long never flit but from hedge to hedge, should be able to traverse vast seas and continents, in order to enjoy milder seasons amidst the regions of Africa! Upon this subject, Sir William Jardine makes the following observations in a note:—"The possibility of performing long journeys, as we must believe some species are obliged to do, before arriving at their destination, at first appears nearly incredible; but when brought to a matter of plain calculation, the difficulty is much diminished. The flight of birds may be estimated at from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles an hour; and if we take a medium of this as a rate for the migrating species, we shall have little difficulty in reconciling the possibility of their flights. This, however, can only be applied to such species as, in their migrations, have to cross some vast extent of ocean without a resting-place. Many that visit this country, particularly those from Africa, merely skirt the coast, crossing at the narrowest parts, and again progressively advancing, until they reach their final quarters, and during this time having their supply of suitable food daily augmented."

PRESERVATION OF APPLES.—The following valuable observations, contained in a letter, have been published in the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository:—"It is the practice of some persons to pick apples in October, and first spread them on the floor of an upper room. The practice is said to render apples more durable by drying them; but I can affirm this to be a mistake. Apples, after remaining so long on the trees as safety from the frost will admit, should be taken directly from the trees to close casks, and kept as dry and as cool as possible. If suffered to lie on the floor for weeks, they wither and lose their flavour, without acquiring any additional durability. The best mode of preserving apples for spring use I have found to be, the putting them in dry sand, and as soon as picked. For this purpose I dry sand in the heat of the summer, and late in October put down the apples in layers, with a covering of sand upon each layer. The singular advantages of this mode of treatment are these:—1. The sand keeps the apples from the air, which is essential to their preservation. 2. The sand checks the evaporation of the apples, thus preserving their full flavour: at the same time any moisture yielded by the apples (and some there will be) is absorbed by the sand, so that the apples are kept dry, and all mustiness is prevented. My pippins in May and June are as fresh as when first picked; even the ends of the stem look as if just separated from the twig."

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place; and ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row, London. Agents—John Macleod, 30, Argyle Street, Glasgow; George Young, Dublin; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Nova Scotia, and United States of America.

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Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, St Andrew Street; and printed at the Steam-press of W and R. Chambers.